

# Puck



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## Cartoons and Comments

**THE VERDICT: INNOCENT.** SHOULD you ask a butcher if vegetarianism was to be recommended for the entire human race, you could hardly expect him to say "Yes."

Should you ask a real-estate agent, selling lots in a hollow, if high altitude was n't preferable to low, you might hazard a guess that he would n't cry "Surely." Self-interest would dictate the replies of both. Likewise, self-interest and nothing else dictated the reply of the Republican Machine when, through the commission appointed to investigate whether the high tariff had aught to do with the high cost of living, it announced to a waiting nation that the tariff was innocent. To be sure, there came a minority report which disagreed with that of the majority in certain respects, but there were more Republicans on the commission than Democrats, so the result was never in doubt. The jury was packed, as it were. As soon expect a boxing instructor to denounce boxing as brutal and degrading as to expect an organization Republican to find fault with the tariff. We know it is a fearfully old subject, but from a non-partisan standpoint it is simply foolish to claim that there is no relation between the tariff and high prices. Nobody doubts for a moment that there are plenty of other causes for the costliness of things, but this perpetual exoneration of the protective schedules by the Republican authorities becomes wearisome. The tariff is like the "teacher's pet" in school—frequently the perpetrator of all sorts of devilment,

yet never accused or punished. An occasional admission by some stand-pat Republican that perhaps after all the tariff *might* have a little to do with the expense attending the purchase of a suit of clothes or a piece of steak, would be a welcome bit of variety, but this, of course, is too much to ask. In our own mild opinion, if it be true, as

many learned ones declare, that we are not raising food enough to feed ourselves in this country, there can be no excuse for a tariff schedule which practically prevents us from supplying the deficiency from outside. If there are five persons in a house and food enough for only three, the simplest way to relieve the difficulty is to bring in something more to eat.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT sends Senator LA FOLLETTE away exulted.—*Journal Headline.*

Insurgent leader gets scant encouragement.—*World Headline.*

You pays your penny and you takes your choice.

"God willing," said Speaker CANNON as he left for home, "I'll be here next session." It is unlikely that the Deity will interpose any objections. If the American people can stand CANNON, doubtless the Supreme Being can contemplate him calmly. Heaven has granted man autonomy in such matters.

THE President "brought his fist down hard," it is said, when the Senate tried to trifle with the Postal Savings-Bank Bill. A fistic demonstration a year ago would have done wonders for downward revision.



THE SUMMER CAPITAL.



## PUCK

### TRUE LOVE.



AID I to lovely Annabel:  
 "I love you more than tongue can tell!"  
 "Dear me!"  
 Said she,  
 "That kind of talk will never do!  
 Pray, can't you think of something new?"

I felt her words within me rankle  
 Until I glimpsed her dainty ankle!  
 I sighed,  
 Then cried:

"No 'skeeter loves a low-cut shoe,  
 My Anna, more than I love you!"

*Hamilton Pope Gall.*



### HANDICAPPED.

IN the beginning (says the ancient tale) the Devil was permitted to choose whether he should be a knave or a fool, and thought himself shrewd in fixing on the former alternative. He lived to regret his choice, however.

"I find a fool can do at least twice as much mischief!" he exclaimed, after a few thousand years of experience.

Showing (concludes the tale, which is of an optimistic color) that the power of evil is working at some disadvantage after all.

### THREE OF A KIND.

"SOME men seem to be born failures," remarked the Sarcastic Sage of Skeedee, "some achieve nothing but failure, and some ask advice and then actually follow it."



### THE LAP OF LUXURY.

MOTHER KANGAROO.—Children, I trust you are duly appreciative of your advantages. It is not every family that has a hansom cab at its disposal.



### LIKE AVIATION.

SPANIARD (*in 1492*).—Is Columbus going to sail west?

DITTO.—Yes. One of the newspapers has offered the New World as a prize to the first man who crosses the Atlantic.

### THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

SEE the woman. Why is the woman's hat trimmed with a nestful of little birdlings with the mother bird brooding them?

It is because the woman is merciful. The woman wished to trim her hat with the mother-bird alone, but rather than leave the birdlings to starve, she trimmed it with the whole family.

Must it not feel lovely to be merciful like that?



### WEAK.

SOMEHOW there had taken possession of all the characters a feeling that the novel was about to close in a manner not likely to win readers.

It was in such posture of affairs that the heroine fluttered her handkerchief to the party passing in a launch.

"What are you doing here?" they shouted.

"Weak-ending!" she replied, thinking in some degree to save the situation by a timely dash of levity.

"PA, what makes the cost of living so high?"  
 "The cost of living so high, my son."

**The forces of Progress are mostly twasted in dragging the anchor of Convention.**

## PUCK

### THE RECRUDESCENCE OF AN ANCIENT RITE.



ANTON NOVAK and Valentine Simonek were two young residents of Chicago lately connected with the University of Prague in the Kingdom of Bohemia, who because of some seditious utterances directed against the peace and dignity of the Austrian Empire, found it necessary to flee the country if they would avoid incarceration in the imperial dungeons.

One night as they were strolling at a late hour through the deserted streets of the retail quarter of the Windy City, carrying on an animated discussion of the various interesting phases of the second aorist of the Greek verb *horao*, their attention was engaged by a small group of men who emerged from a door on a corner and stood conversing with great earnestness. Novak and Simonek were enabled to overhear scraps of conversation from the men, apparently oblivious and even careless of the presence of anyone else.

"It will be a sacrifice such as you never saw yet."

"Ve vill cut, cut, cut clear to der bone."

"Ve vill draw blood."

"Day after to-morrow vill see a sacrifice such as Chicago never saw already. Talk about your sacrifices in Palestine! They did n't know vat a sacrifice vas. Ha, ha, ha!"

"How dem oder fellers vill look ven dey see der vay ve cut!"

"Ven they *feel* der vay ve cut! By gosh, it vill hurt! How dey vill squeal!"

These were the last of the scraps of extraordinary conversation which came to the ears of Messrs. Novak and Simonek, for the group of men departed.

"Jews!" said Novak.

"I always regarded those mediaeval Austrian legends of the survival among a small coterie of Jews of some secret cult of old heathen, non-Jewish sacrificial rites," said Simonek, "as foolish myths of the same historical value as stories of the Holy Grail and the Seven Sleepers. But here it is, before our astonished faces! Let us go to the police."

Officer Flannagan, who heard the surprising accusation brought against certain parties unknown, was bewildered by the rapid flow of speech from the late candidates for the doctorate of philosophy at the University of Prague. To him the word "sacrifice" was an adjective used in describing certain emergencies in the national game, of which he was a devoted supporter, but what a lot of Jews on a corner at midnight had to do with a baseball emergency was not clear to him.

"Phwat are yees tarkin' about? Furriners, are yees not?"

"Listen," said Simonek. "Of all people, the Jews have held to their old customs the most successfully. In Biblical times some of them kept straying away after false gods, sacrificing to heathen divinities. There are those who have believed that this heathen worship, contrary to the Bible, the Talmud, and the Torah, forbidden and stamped upon with all its might by the Hebrew church, has notwithstanding maintained a secret existence, an existence impossible for the rabbis to prove, only suspect and imagine. In the history recorded by the Bible we find some of the people turning to the worship of Baal with its human sacrifice if possible, but at least an animal, for some living thing must be cast into the red-hot arms of Baal, for Baal must be fed, and fed with blood!"

"Who the divil is Baal?"

"What will the sacrifice be?" said Simonek, ignoring the officer's question. "Could it be a human being, a business rival? More likely a goat, however."

"A goat is a useful animal, and I have a friend who is called Goat O'Brien, and he is a good scout," said the officer. "I'll meet ye at the right time at the place where this bum event is to be pulled off. Day after to-morrow, you said?"

In the show windows of an emporium for vending ready-to-wear clothing blazed huge bills printed in red, bearing the legends, "Unheard of Sacrifice! Prices cut to the bone! Owing to a fire in our establishment we put our stock on sale at prices never before touched in this city. We have cut our prices, our profits, and the trade of our rivals." Then followed apt similes as to how this cutting of prices drew blood from their rivals and caused the retail-clothing interest to squeal with pain, how the effects of the fire were felt throughout the entire trade, the whole closing with an enumeration of the attractive prices at which stylish and durable clothing could be purchased.

Officer Flannagan regarded now the show windows and now the faces of the two scholars, scarcely less blank than the windows at

which they stared. The bewilderment upon the officer's countenance was even greater than it had been two nights before. He offered a possible solution of the problem.

"Did yees bring me here to buy some of thim three-dollar pants?"

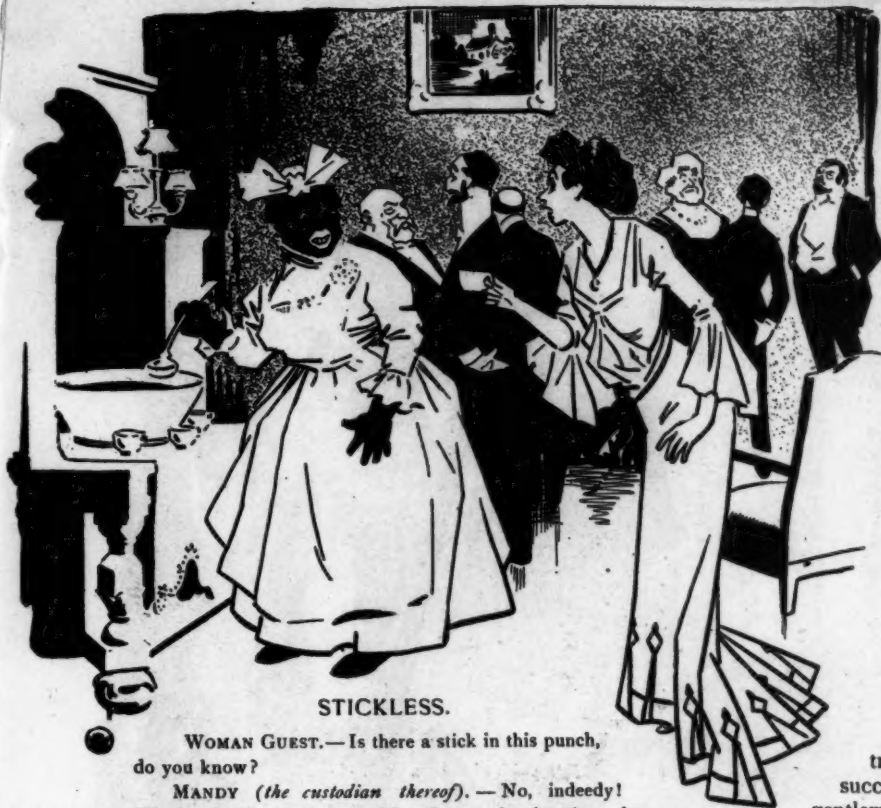
The scholars assented. Three dollars, earned in intellectual toll, passed into the keeping of the enterprising clothiers, and the strange incident was closed.

Warden Allan Curtis.



### THE STORK'S SUCCESSOR.





STICKLESS.

WOMAN GUEST.—Is there a stick in this punch, do you know?

MANDY (the custodian thereof).—No, indeedy! Whad yo' saw warn't no stick. It was de cigar-butt dat half-toxicated Mistah Lumpkin done chucked in it dess now.

A CLINCHER.

"NO SIREE, I ain't much stuck on this college edgocation bizness," said Uncle Ben Jimson as he struck his pipe on his bootleg to get out the ashes. "No siree, I ain't. An' I'll tell ye fer why. I've kep' my eye on a lot o' chaps that never went to college, an' dog my cats if they ain't come out about as well as them that wasted four years in college. You take the Grubb boys: There's Hen that never see the inside of even the high-school in town, an' he owns a good sawmill, an' I bet he ain't got less than a hundred dollars in bank. Bud has a good trade with his fish-an'-eyester wagon, an' he told me hisself that he cleaned up a dollar an' a quarter net some days, an' that it would run up to as much as two dollars some Fridays. His brother Clem has a two-cheer barber-shop in the village, an' Dan has nearly six hundred hens an' is nettin' six or eight dollars a week on 'em.



OLD ROUNDERS.

"Now, them boys air doin' all that without seein' the inside of a college, an' yit there's people that'll try to cram it down your throat that there can't be no success in life without a college edgocation. It's all guff, gentlemen. Don't b'leeve it!

"Got a extry chaw of tobacker in your pocket, Uncle Andy Bangs? If you have, s'posin' you pass it over to me."

C. C. C.

THE HOT-WEATHER BARD.



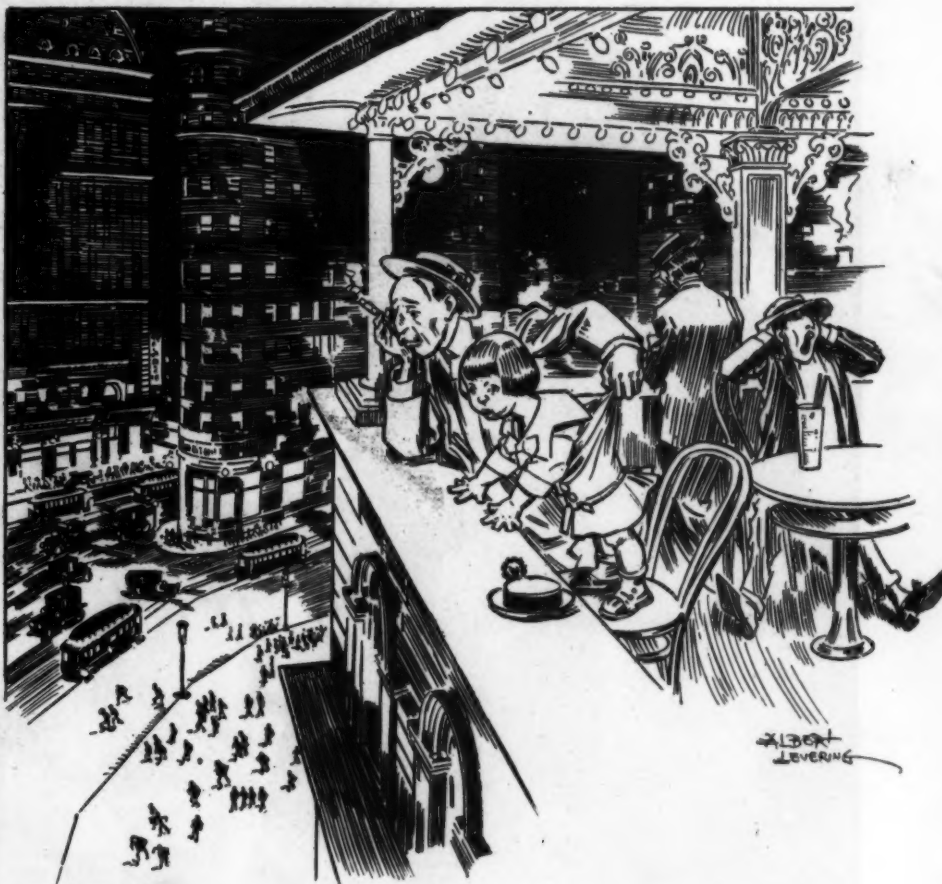
WHAT should a topical poem for tropical Days of the summer be written about? What's the palaver most people will favor most? What is it best to cut carefully out? Subjects political, serious, critical (Heavy discussions are certain to irk)? Still, there's a barrel of subjects to carol of,—Caroling, though, is a wearisome work.

There are vacational couples flirtational, Frivolous folk who are found near the sea;

Shows—frothy, dizzy ones; drinks—iced and fizzy ones; Baseball and tennis and afternoon tea! Motor-car journeyings, prize-fighters' tourneyings, People who travel on steamships and trains. Yes, there are slews of 'em, plenty to choose of 'em, Hundreds of subjects for midsummer strains.

Which shall be sung to you? Buoyantly flung to you, Tossed through the shimmering rays of the sun? While you are cozily loafing, or prosily Toiling in town till your business is done. Choose, all together now!—well, it's hot weather now, No one's selection seems ready to call,— That is the deuce of it, so what's the use of it— Sing? Yes, I'll sing you—just nothing at all!

Berton Braley.



AS THEY FELT.

THE Grouch to the contrary notwithstanding, luck is generally hand-forged, and happiness is usually home-made.

WILLIE (on the roof-garden).—How small the men look down there, Papa. WILLIE'S PAPA.—No wonder, Willie. They are all going home to their wives.

**A** man of destiny is a man who can always depend on his fool enemies to be bigger fools than his fool friends.



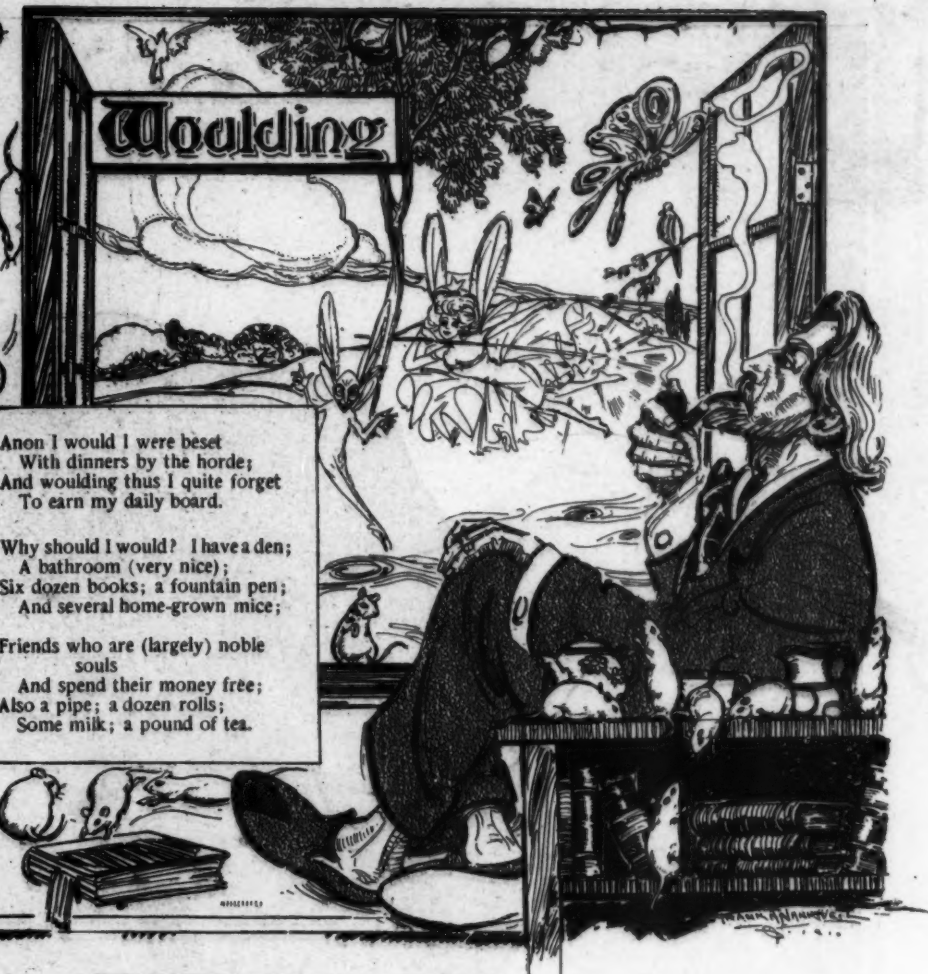
A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS.



**O** H, would I were a dainty fay  
To flutter hith and yon!  
And that's a sample of the way  
I like to carry on.

For oft I would I were a lark  
Up in the blue aloft;  
(Though birds are things, I might  
remark,  
I don't would very oft.)

And times I would I were a star—  
A fiery roving ball;  
(Though, to be accurate, there are  
Some times I don't at all.)



Yea, and a pair of summer pants;  
Five shoes, size half-past-nine;  
A portrait of a *Dame du Danse*  
And four choice chairs are mine.

Why should I would? Besides, I miss  
The joys of standing pat,  
For always finding I am *this*—  
I would that I were *that*!

Moreover, how it makes one laze!  
And does it do one good?  
Of course not. Yet I sit for days  
And would and would and would!  
*Horatio Winslow.*

Anon I would I were beset  
With dinners by the horde;  
And woulding thus I quite forget  
To earn my daily board.

Why should I would? I have a den;  
A bathroom (very nice);  
Six dozen books; a fountain pen;  
And several home-grown mice;

Friends who are (largely) noble  
souls  
And spend their money free;  
Also a pipe; a dozen rolls;  
Some milk; a pound of tea.

#### THE NUPTIAL HUSH.

"**W**ELL yes," said Mr. Hack Peddicord, a prominent citizen from 'out Turkey Trot way, in reply to the inquiry of the able editor of the Polkville (Ark.) *Weekly Clarion*, "I reckon, all things considered, you might say the affair was a quiet weddin'. The liquor was n't specially mizzable, and such fightin' as incidentally occurred

was did with settin' chairs, a soap-paddle, and a few bedslats. Come to think, though, a section of the floor broke down durin' the dancin', and a passel of the weddin' guests slid into the hole and got sorter complicated with the hogs that was entrenched, so to speak, under the edifice; and nacher'ly the dogs darted down to help out, and hounds, hogs, and humans bein' all mingled up together that-a-way caused more or less commotion, and the kitchen got afire, and some thought it was kindled by a feller that had been rejected by the blushin' bride, while others were of the opinion that it was sort of a celebration got up by another feller that she had once sued for breach of promise.

"Also, there was some little trouble with the cabinet organ when they tried to play the 'Weddin' March from 'Meddlesome'; by the time the bride's father had recollected that he had set a goose inside of the instrument some time before, it was too late to do the goose any good, for when the organ was prized open and the helpless animal drug forth she was a dead goose. After which the happy couple were made one with neatness and despatch. Eh-yah! As there was no shootin' and everybody went away happy, except the owner of the fiddle that got stepped on, I reckon you'd be safe in printin' that it was a quiet weddin'."

IN THE CYCLONE BELT.

MALONEY. — An' I prided meself I cud loight me polpe in any wind!

Tom P. Morgan.



#### AS IT WAS IN BABYLON.

"Looking everywhere, she at last found the child buried in a book."—*Extract from Ancient Story.*

**B**ORROWBY. — The scheme would be a howling success if I could secure the proper backing, and —  
**GRIMSHAW.** — The only backing I am doing this year is out.

**A** good loser is no loser. In fact, he is about the only real winner.

GREATEST GOOD

OR TH



THE PUCK PRESS

"How we see through a gla



GREATER  
PATRIOTISM  
FOR THE GREATEST NUMBER



through a glass, darkly."

IT'S SIMPLE—IF YOU KNOW HOW.



R. FRANKLIN was honestly a dear. Don't you know the kind all the children in the neighborhood simply worship because he speaks every time he sees them? Mrs. Franklin was also a dear, and as pretty as a picture.

"There is no boss in our house," was a pet expression of Mr. Franklin's, and he really believed that; but don't you try to, for there was one—Mrs. Franklin knew a thing or two.

One day, in the course of a morning's shopping, she stopped before a window displaying the new millinery concoctions, and she gazed on one fascinated. Her eyes narrowed queerly. From where she stood she could see the usual tag, and the figures on it were not the ones usually placed after "hat purchased by Mrs. Franklin" on bill rendered to Mr. Franklin from Bray Bros., the ideal clothing

store of —; but in spite of this her lips were pressed together in a determined manner.

"Bessie," she said to her young daughter, "just for a perfect joke I am going to try that hat on. Come."

In the course of fifteen minutes the temptation was brought up and placed on her head. She gazed delightedly at the new Mrs. Franklin who beamed back to her from the oft-hypnotized millinery mirrors, and Bessie and the saleswoman pronounced it "stunning."

"You simply must take it, Mrs. Franklin, really," confidentially urged the saleswoman.

Mrs. Franklin's eyebrows rose significantly.

"I'll see," she answered.

That night at dinner Mrs. Franklin looked very sweet in a sky-blue mull. As they were eating the dessert she murmured gently:

"Well, to-day, Henry, I realized what a homely woman I am."

Henry stopped eating.

"Why, Fannie," he began in protest.

NO CONCERN OF HIS.  
EXCITED PASSER-BY.—Hey!  
Your house is on fire!  
CALM INMATE.—'T ain't my  
house; I'm only a lodger.

"Yes, yes, Henry; do not say a word. I am, I hope, not so to you, but to the world in general."

"But, mamma, you looked awful pretty in that hat to-day."

"Hush, Bessie, hush!"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Franklin.

"Oh, nothing, Henry. Just for fun I tried on a hat, and

Bessie and the saleswoman thought it becoming. I will say for myself I looked a different woman; but then I remembered just in time the old saying, 'Fine feathers make fine birds.' I could n't help seeing the difference, but of course, Henry, never a thought of ever buying it came into my mind. The very idea of such a thing! It was certainly foolish—an old, married woman! What difference does it make?"

"Well, Fannie, I should think you would like to look your best, even though you are married. How much was the hat, Fannie?" said Mr. Franklin archly.

"Oh, I don't know; \$15.98, was n't it, Bessie? But of course, Henry dear, do not think I ever dreamed of buying it. Somehow, I could n't resist. I imagined I was young again."

Mrs. Franklin's voice was wistfulness itself.



THE HEIGHT OF PRESUMPTION.

CHAWLES.—Blawst the fellah's impudence! He spoke to me just then as if he was my equal, don't you know!

That evening, as she kissed her little daughter good-night, she murmured:

"Bessie, go kiss papa good-night, and you can tell him, if he happens to ask, that the hat mamma looked so pretty in was tan straw, brown velvet, with cream roses. Can you remember?"

The next evening, all during dinner, Mr. Franklin seemed peculiarly nervous and happy. As they rose from the table to go into the living-room he took Mrs. Franklin's hand:

"Fannie, I have something for you."

"For me, Henry dear? I'll bet it's some candy, and it's not our candy night, either."

"No, it isn't candy—it's —"

As they entered the living-room, there was a hat-box on the table.

"Oh, Henry!" cried Mrs. Franklin. "Why, Henry, HENRY!"

Together, Mr. Franklin with fingers fairly shaking with excitement, they opened the box, and a tan hat trimmed with brown velvet and cream roses emerged from its bed of tissue paper.

"Why, Henry, I can't believe my eyes, you darling! To actually buy me a hat, and oh, Henry, I shall enjoy it a thousand times more because it's such a surprise. You know how we love surprises."

"Are you really surprised, Fannie?" queried Mr. Franklin.

"Am I surprised? Well!"

"And you won't ever say just because you are married you ought not to have pretty things, and Fannie, is it as pretty as the one you liked so much?" he asked shyly and diffidently.

"Dearie, you won't believe it, but it's exactly the one that I looked at and tried on. I think it's one of the queerest coincidences I ever heard of. Now is n't it? The very hat I was so crazy for, but never dreamed of having, and you go down-town and buy it for me as a surprise. I can't understand it, can you?"

Then Mr. Franklin chuckled and his eyes twinkled knowingly—that was all.

Jane Boyd Robinson.



SETTLING DOWN IN THE COUNTRY.

Somehow, I could n't resist. I imagined I was young again."



# CLEANLINESS IS RELATIVE

What our ancestors regarded as perfectly clean we know to be far from sanitary.

**Your grandfather**, for instance, considered his barber's cup and soap "good enough for anybody."

**But your father** reserved his own cup and got his individual lather—exposed to dust and germs, perhaps, but at least *his own*.

**To-day, your barber** shakes from a dust-proof, germ-proof container a little

## COLGATE'S BARBERS' SHAVING-POWDER

and you get the *ideal* lather—fresh, *clean* soap with every shave.

**Softening**—As soon as the brush touches your face, the particles of powder are taken up by the water and begin softening your beard from the start. You work the lather *in* while you work it *up*. The soap removes the oily exudation covering each hair and allows the water to *properly* soften it.

**Soothing**—Because of its exceptional freedom from any free or uncombined alkali, it cannot "smart the face," while its rich, demulcent lather gives a *comfortable* shave and leaves the face soft and smooth.

**Sanitary**—No soap that touches face or brush is used again. When a cup is used, it can be washed out completely after each shave. The statement of an expert chemist proves Colgate's Shaving-Powder not only aseptic but actively germicidal.

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with the man  
who shaves you*

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can touch you

THE chief complaint against Mr. Bryan is that he always strikes out when the bases are full and the score is tied. — *St. Paul Pioneer.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

"DOCTOR, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?"

"Try getting home late some night."  
— *Boston Transcript.*

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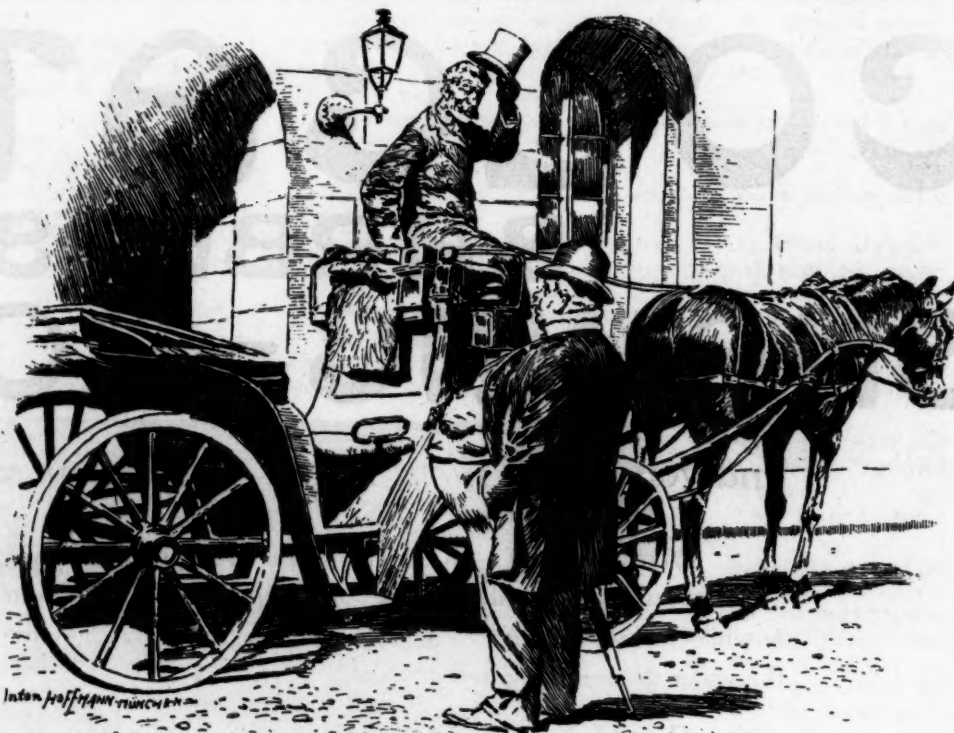
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"For the Public Service"



COULD HAVE TOLD BY HIS SHAPE.

MUNICH CABMAN.—Where does the gentleman wish to go?

CITIZEN.—Don't ask such foolish questions. To the Hofbräu, of course! — *Lustige Woche.*

"AW—WILL you give this note to Miss May de Sylphington, the—aw—pretty little blonde creature with the violet eyes, don't you know, who dances in the ballet?"

"That'll be all right, guv'nor. I ought to know her; I'm her son." — *Tatler.*

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"WHAT is a largesse, papa?"  
"A \$, my boy."

— *Harvard Lampoon.*

## Club Cocktails

Mixed to measure—and measures up to your idea of what a real Cocktail should be.

Simply strain through cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.  
Hartford New York London



MINISTER.—So you are going to school now, are you Bobby?  
BOBBY (aged six).—Yes sir.  
MINISTER.—Spell kitten for me.  
BOBBY.—Oh, I'm further advanced than that. Try me on cat. — *Chicago News.*

AT THE CAFÉ DE L'OPERA.

CUSTOMER.—Do you serve stews?  
WAITER.—Not generally, sir, but we'll make an exception in your case.  
— *Jester.*

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keeper's Friend**  
It will shine on all metals, minerals of wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 5c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 200 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



## NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO

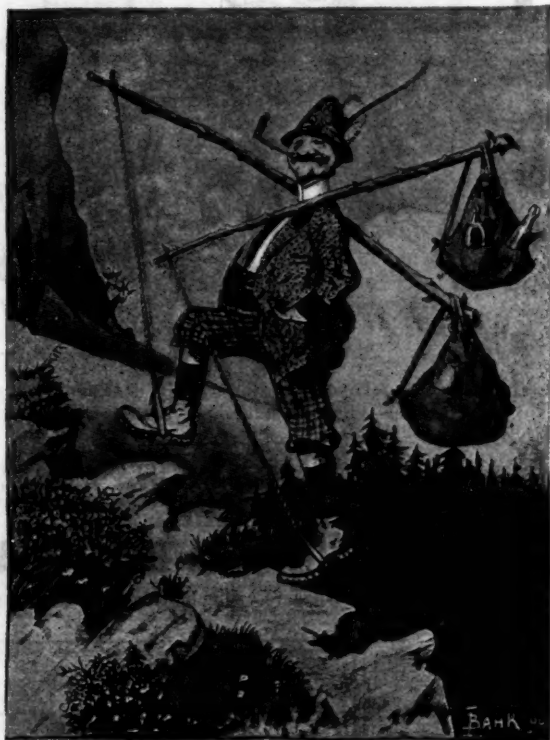
to rest or recreate, good cheer, comfort, health, and hospitality are yours to command with

# HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

as your intermediary.

ABSOLUTE PURITY  
and wholesomeness  
guaranteed.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



CLIMBING MADE EASY.

THE MOUNTAIN TOURIST WHO MAKES HIS LUGGAGE LIFT HIS FEET.

—Fliegende Blätter.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

### REASSURING.

Robbie ran into the sewing-room and cried: "Oh, mamma! There's a man in the nursery kissing Fräulein."

Mamma dropped her sewing and made for the stairway.

"April fool!" said Robbie, gleefully. "It's only papa."—Everybody's.

### IMPERISHABLE.

"Do you think it is a wise thing to send a boy away to college, Binks?" asked Rippleton.

"Oh yes," replied Binks. "Teaches him independence."

"But doesn't he get out of touch with home influences?" persisted Rippleton.

"Not altogether," said Binks. "He gets away from the home influences, but the 'touch' goes on forever."—Lippincott's.

### SOLD.

"What I want," said the man who was looking for a home, "is a place with a fine view."

"Well," replied the real-estate agent, "I've got what you want. But it'll cost you several thousand dollars extra."

"You're sure the view is all right?"

"Could n't be better. By climbing on the roof you can see the baseball games."—Washington Star.

### MORE BURBANKING!

DIBBS.—What do you think! My wife has skipped to that divorce colony in Nevada. Is n't she a peach?

DOBBS.—A peach? She's a peach o' Reno.—Boston Transcript.

### AFTER THE CONCERT.

SHE.—It must be fine to sing on the Glee Club.

HE.—It ought to be fine or imprisonment.—Tiger.

### In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. It is a certain relief for sweating, tired, aching feet. Always use it to Break in New shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Always The Same Good  
Old

# BLATZ

MILWAUKEE

For  
Home, Buffet  
and Club

Expert  
Selection  
of the World's  
Best Hops —  
Choicest Malt  
—Brewed and  
Matured

The **BLATZ WAY**

THE FINEST BEER  
EVER BREWED

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet

INSIST ON "BLATZ"

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED DIRECT

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!!

## Don't Forget the Cat!

When You Leave for the  
Country

And Be Sure To  
Subscribe For

# Puck

THE FOREMOST  
HUMOROUS WEEKLY OF AMERICA

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- ☞ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ☞ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ☞ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ☞ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer doesn't handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

**Puck**  
NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name.....

Address.....

**GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE**


HALF THE COST OF IMPORTED

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, GREAT WESTERN was the Only One Awarded the Gold Medal at Paris Exposition, 1900.

Your Grocer or Dealer can Supply You Sold Everywhere

Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Rhelms, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America



**HIGH LIFE BEER**

THE CHAMPAGNE OF BOTTLED

MILLER-MILWAUKEE

STYLES. — My wife is very mannish. I found her wearing one of my vests yesterday.

MYLES. — Good for her!

"But I've been suspicious of her ever since."

"And why?"

"There was one of my cigars in the pocket, and when I found it, it was all crushed!" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

**Pears'**

A soft, white skin gives charm to the plainest features.

Pears' Soap has a message of beauty for every woman who values a clear complexion.

Sold wherever stores are found.

WHO CAN IT BE?

"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?"

"Yes, and there's always one more than you think." — *Sourire.*


KNICKER. — Does that hen belong to a commuter?

BOCKER. — Yes, it lays to catch the 7:10. — *The Sun.*

Strong winds blowing in their favor

CAMBRIDGE 25c  
in boxes of ten  
AMBASSADOR 35c  
the after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box"



**Philip Morris Cigarettes**

# Lest We Forget!

MEETING an officer of the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company**, a prominent business man said, "Your advertisements are excellent. A man *ought* to know about the company in which he is insured." The officer replied, "Do you know about yours?" "No," said the business man, "not yet. I always mean to when I read your advertisements, but other things come up and I forget. Why don't you put a coupon at the bottom of the advertisement which I can fill in while I am in the notion, and send to my agent to insure me in the **Hartford**, and that will settle the matter?" "Excellent idea," said the officer of the **Hartford**.

And here it is for him and for you. Use it. The **Hartford**, now a century old, is the best known Fire Insurance Company in America. Any agent or broker will get you a policy in the **Hartford** if you tell him to do so.



STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1910

Capital	\$2,000,000.00
Liabilities	14,321,953.11
Assets	23,035,700.61
Surplus for Policy Holders	8,713,747.50

....., 1910.

(Name of Agent or Broker)

(Address)

When my fire insurance expires, please see that I get a policy in the **HARTFORD**.

Name.....  
Address.....



QUICKLY FULFILLED.

TOURIST. — Ah, there she is at last—the queenly city! The old saying still holds true: "See Naples and—"

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

**PIMPLES DISAPPEAR**

Genuine cure discovered at last. Send for particulars. P. O. BOX 112, CHICAGO, ILL.

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Monthly Magazine No. 67

—FOR—

**JULY**

Brimful of Fun from Cover to Cover

Over Seventy Illustrations

—by the—

BEST COMIC ARTISTS

Price Ten Cents per Copy

All newsdealers, or by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

OUT TO-DAY!



A Chocolate of Rare Quality

*Kayler's*

METROPOLITAN  
SWEET CHOCOLATE

A Chocolate of such  
Superior Quality,  
Smoothness and Flavor  
as has never before  
been produced

A Chocolate  
for Chocolate  
Connoisseurs

Sold by Dealers  
Everywhere

5¢ & 10¢ Cakes



IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE MUCH,  
But when you come to think of it,  
sometimes it's a good deal of a job  
to sit down and write a letter.

When a man sees something in print  
that he doesn't like, then is he most  
apt to drop a line to the editor. But  
when he sees something he likes in print,  
does the average man write and say so?  
Frequently he means to, but usually he

## COMING SOON



The Daily use of

### ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder for Tired, Tender,  
Aching feet, Shaken into the Shoes. It  
freshens the feet and instantly relieves  
weariness and Perspiring or inflamed  
feet. Takes the sting out of Corns and  
Bunions. Prevents friction and saves  
ten times its cost by keeping your stock-  
ings from wearing out. Over thirty  
thousand testimonials. Sold everywhere  
25c. Avoid substitutes. Sample FREE.  
Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

*Allen S. Olmsted*

Genuine has signature on each package.

For perfect Out-door recreation Shake  
Allen's Foot-Ease in your Shoes and go  
out to Spin your

### "HI-FLYER"

The Toy Novelty of 1910,

A miniature Flying Machine, a new in-  
vention. Flies 600 feet, 2 1/2 City Blocks.  
Fly it once and you want to keep at it.  
A Real Joy for Young and Old. A new  
excuse for Open Air Life. Ladies love to  
fly them. Sold at all Toy, Drug and Dept.  
Stores, 50c. Ask to-day for Hi-Flyer.

BUFFALO PITTS CO., Dept. H,  
Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Manufacturers.

And here is the clipping which Mr.  
Schweitzer asks us to reprint:

#### IT WAS EVER THUS.

Says Dr. Felix Adler: "We are going  
through the most trying period of human  
history."

The words have a familiar ring. Adam  
remarked precisely the same thing to his  
weeping consort, when the garden gates  
closed after them.

Belshazzar, reading the handwriting on the  
wall, was heard to murmur by those nearest  
him: "We are now going through the most  
trying period of human history." A few  
minutes later he was seized with acute indi-  
gestion, which a modern diagnosis would  
pronounce ptomaine poisoning.

Moses made the same observation during  
the passage of the Red Sea. Noah said  
something to like effect while waiting for the  
dove's return. Martin Luther thought as  
much when he flung the ink-bottle at the  
Devil.

Socrates, driven out of his shack by  
Xantippe, remarked as he dodged a flying  
sauceman: "We are now going through the  
most trying period of human history."

Marat, soliloquizing in his bath-tub, got as  
far as "We are now going through the most  
trying" when his reflections were cut  
short by Miss Corday.

Cheer up, Adler! 'T was ever thus.

We give this matter prominence  
here because it serves to show the  
sort of readers PUCK has. We do not  
often receive "requests to reprint," but  
hardly a day passes that some reader does  
not write us, ordering this or that back  
number. These orders come for copies  
one, two, five years old, even older, the  
writers describing some cartoon, illus-  
tration, bit of verse, or prose which they  
are anxious to get and preserve.

If keeping scrap-books is your  
fad, you will find plenty of live  
material in PUCK.

If your newdealer doesn't handle PUCK,  
ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newdealer

*Puck*  
NEXT WEEK.



II.

"Die!"

—Lustige Blätter.

CARONI BITTERS—Its aroma—flavor, will con-  
vince you it is the best.  
Oct. C. Blache & Co., N. Y., Gen'l Distr.

### 2,000 ALL-STEEL COACHES ON PENNSY.

The Pennsylvania railroad system has in  
service on its lines, or on order, nearly 2,000  
passenger cars of all steel construction.  
These cars have been added to the company's  
passenger equipment since June, 1906, when  
it was announced that all future additions to  
passenger equipment on the Pennsylvania  
system would be of all steel construction.

The lines of the Pennsylvania system, on  
all of which steel cars will be operated, in-  
clude the Pennsylvania railroad lines east and  
west of Pittsburgh and Erie; the Long Island  
railroad, the Cumberland Valley railroad, the  
New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk rail-  
road, the Vandalia railroad and the Grand  
Rapids and Indiana railway.

The Pullman company is at present con-  
structing a sufficient number of steel sleeping  
and parlor cars to equip the entire Pennsylv-  
ania system. These cars are now being  
delivered at the rate of from 50 to 60 a  
month.

Already there are in service on through  
trains seventy-five sleepers and five com-  
bined parlor and baggage cars. When the  
present order is completed there will be in  
service on the Pennsylvania system some 600  
all-steel Pullman cars. This number is in-  
cluded in the 1,988 cars now in use or on  
order.

postpones or forgets. If he "takes  
his pen in hand" and actually writes it's  
a sure sign that something has made a  
real hit with him.

To have read something in PUCK in  
1905, and to have liked it so well that  
he remembered it in 1910, and wanted  
it reprinted, is the pleasing experience of  
a reader in Canton, O. Here is what  
he says:

EDITOR "PUCK:"

Concerning the large crop of pessim-  
ism that is just now taking root in the  
land, and particularly the utterances of  
our old friend Chancellor Day in his  
baccalaureate sermon to the graduating  
class of Syracuse University, won't  
PUCK please reprint the enclosed, "It  
Was Ever Thus," which I clipped  
from its columns several years ago?  
It seems to me it would again fit the  
times. If you do not care to reprint,  
kindly return to me in the enclosed  
envelope. Yours sincerely,

C. SCHWEITZER.

## Puck Proofs PHOTOGRAVURES Puck

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TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

By Angus MacDonald.  
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send  
10 cts. for Catalogue with over 70 Miniature Reproductions.

Trade supplied by Gubelman Publishing Co.,  
17-19 Mechanic St., Newark, N. J.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York



MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.



A clever chap, a dainty peach,  
Are strolling on the sunny beach.



Absorbed, they do not see the rope,—  
The sunshade's wrecked beyond all hope!



The maiden weeps: "What shall I do?  
*I know I'll burn and freckle, too!"*



But no—the man won't stand for that—  
The parasol will make a hai;



THE PUCK PRESS

A broken steel will form a pin;  
He ties the ribbons 'neath her chin.



HARRY  
LEWIS

Now all the other girls who see  
Exclaim: "The latest from Paree!"